Literary Cabinet.

Si non tantus fructus perciperetur ex his studiis, quantum percipi constat, sed ex his delectatio sola peteretur; tamen hæc animi remissio judicanda esset libero homini dignissima. CICERO.

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CONDITIONS.

I. THIS Paper will be under the direction of Editors, chosen from the Senior Class.

II. It will be published once a fortnight, on a half sheet, in the octavo form.

III. Its price will be *One Dollar* per annum—*Fifty Cents* to be paid in advance.

PROSPECTUS.

IN recommending this paper to the patronage of the public, the Editors are actuated by no selfish motives. The pecuniary profit which may be derived from an extensive circulation, is, by an unalterable resolve, to be appropriated to the education of poor Students in this Seminary. And should we succeed in rendering the work agreeable to its readers, we shall probably make pretensions to no other merit than that of having persuaded the ingenious to write, and selected the best of their pieces. After making this explanation, we trust we may give with some degree of boldness, our opinion on the design and probable success of the paper, without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of rashness, or vanity.

The Literary Cabinet is published for the purpose of improving the youth of this College in the art of writing. To expatiate upon the importance of this art, is here unnecessary. It must be obvious to every person, that the most correct, and best cultivated mind, would be comparatively worthless, if the world were not to reap the benefit of its speculations. We are not now, in the 19th century, to abandon oral records and tradition, and rashly undertake to communicate our ideas through a new channel, the superior advantages of which, have never yet been tested by experiment. But we are to make use of an invention, which if it is not derived from God, is the most important that man can claim to be the author of. We are

to use it too in an age, when not only a simple and perspicuous expression of our thoughts is required, but a studied and elegant language is demanded.

Without exercise, the faculties of both mind and body would remain forever unimproved and useless. It is by repeated exertions only, that we are enabled to discover the power of genius, or realize the value of learning. In the regular division which is made of the Students' time in this College, it is true that a certain portion is allotted to composition; and far be it from us to insinuate, that, all things considered, this portion is not sufficient for the purpose to which it is devoted. But any one who has the least acquaintance with the customs here, must know that we have frequent moments of leisure, which might be profitably spent in *literary* amusement. These moments we know it to be the intention of many, and we hope it may be of all our fellow Students, to appropriate to the filling of the *Cabinet*. By doing this they will combine utility with pleasure. For they may not only be able to deposit many valuable pieces, from the preparation of which they will derive great advantage; but they may pleasantly improve much idle time, which would otherwise be irksome and disagreeable to them.

One great impediment to excellence in writing, and which has prevented many a good genius from attaining it, is a species of modesty almost inseparable from youth.—Young men in general, and Students in particular, frequently busy themselves in composing, either from the desire of imitating, or, which is not so often the case, from the hope of equalling the authors they read. The effusions of this emulation are seldom perused, except by the author in his study, or some confidential friend; and of course they receive neither the applause they may merit, nor the correction they need. To young men of this character, and in this situation, the Cabinet gives an opportunity of improvement, too valuable to be neglected. Their pieces may adorn our pages, and procure for their talents that esteem they deserve, and which persons of their disposition will not value the less, because the encomiums are paid to the representatives of their minds rather than to themselves, *in propriis personis*.

Though arguments which are addressed to the interests of men, are generally the most persuasive, yet we will venture to urge at least one other of a different character.—The Literary Cabinet, it is probable, will exist for many years to come, and future Students will zealously contend for the honour of contributing the best pieces to furnish its columns. Now it is natural for any person, before he engages himself in any business, to look around

him, and see what others have done in similar circumstances. The papers which we now publish, will not only be read by persons at present on the stage, but they will be searched into many ages hence by our successors, who may want them for the purpose of guides and beacons in their course. Improvement and perfection in any invention must be the work of *time*. Who knows but on the foundation which we now establish, there may hereafter be raised a superstructure more grand, and more useful than we can at present conceive of?

Some philosophers assert, that it is preposterous for men to undertake to write before they have travelled the whole circle of sciences, and thoroughly stored their minds with various and useful knowledge. Lest their opinion should be objected to our present undertaking, we would observe, that they meant to apply it to laboured works and copious treatises, and not to the lighter and more trifling productions of the intellect. In order to prove that it is proper for Students to engage in contributing to the establishment and support of this paper, we need only give a short description of the manner in which it is to be conducted.

Every thing of a controversial nature will be excluded.—Politics particularly, as they tend to excite some of the most tumultuous and ungovernable passions of the heart, will be promptly and invariably refused admittance. We have it not in contemplation, in issuing the Cabinet, to add another to those corrupt and libellous prints which disgrace our country; which degrade liberty into licentiousness; and which may literally be said, in the words of Butler, to be

> ..... writ for regulation
> Of lying, to inform the nation.

We hope our paper will not be so unworthy of the perusal of every decent reader, as to bear the least possible resemblance to these pests of the nation and foes of its tranquility. Human nature, it is true, is so formed as to delight in that ruin of character which is effected by the developement of guilt; and this propensity, if it went no farther, would be comparatively harmless, and frequently even salutary. But the mischief lies in this, that whether the developement be real or imaginary, we are equally prone to receive it with avidity, and yield it our belief. Such being the nature and strength of this propensity, perhaps our unwillingness to receive political communications may lessen the number of our correspondents. Should this be the case, we must endeavour to extricate ourselves from the difficulty, as Addison did in a similar predicament. "We shall therefore acquaint "our readers, that if they "have started any hint, if they

" have met with any surpri-
" sing story, if they have dis-
" covered any epidemical vice
" which has escaped our ob-
" servation, or have heard
" of any uncommon virtue
" which they would desire to
" publish; in short, if they
" have any materials that can
" furnish out an innocent di-
" version, we shall promise
" them our best assistance in
" the working of them up for
" a public entertainment."

Biographical memoirs of eminent men, whom this country has produced, would be peculiarly acceptable.— This is a branch of literature to which our Journalists scarcely ever pay sufficient attention. The virtues of the great men of Europe, after their deaths, are blazoned forth in our public papers, while the characters of our own statesmen and scholars are viewed with indifference, being faintly or unskilfully delineated by the pencils of envy and ignorance.— New-England has produced many scientific men, who have spread themselves over various parts of her territory.— With the lives and manners of some of these, most of our readers cannot but be acquainted. A description of them, even if it shall extend no farther than the social walks of life, and conversation anecdotes, will, undoubtedly, prove to most persons very agreeable.

Essays on mathematical and physical subjects, and on others of a similar nature, will be readily received and punctually attended to. Translations also, and imitations of rare authors both in prose and verse, will meet our grateful acknowledgments.

On most of the topics which have been mentioned, and other miscellaneous subjects, the Students in this College, from their various reading, cannot fail of gleaning information. By communicating this information through the medium of the Cabinet, they will not only amuse others, but be likely to fix it much better in their own minds.

We will conclude this tedious prospectus by stating on what we found our hopes of the succes of the paper.— It is feared by a *few individuals only*, for the generality of the public are warm friends of the undertaking, that the Literary Cabinet is the offspring of an hour, and will perish with the other ephemerals of the day. Disgraceful would it be to this College, should such be its fate. Most other large Seminaries in our country, have been able to establish, and support literary papers. Shall Yale then, superior to any of them in the number of her sons, and at least equal in talents, be deficient in the spirit of noble emulation! We trust not. The three younger classes will doubtles find it for their interest, as well as amusement, to contribute largely their assistance; the immediate patronage and direction of the paper

have been voluntarily undertaken by the Senior Class, and therefore they are, in a sense, obligated to maintain it; and from the graduates who are in town, and some who are not, we expect many valuable communications. Others farther advanced in science, and inhabitants of the city, who are in no way connected with College, will, it is probable, generously give us their aid.

We presume that few members of the College, fifty years ago, thought that the Linonian and Brothers' Societies would exist till the next century. Yet this has been the fact. Those institutions were founded by the exertions of the Students, in the same manner that our paper has been commenced. We need not then despair of its success; we should rather be encouraged to hope that it may live and prosper. It certainly will so, if the literary public are made sensible of its importance. They have it in their power to kill the paper by frigid indifference; and they also have it in their power, by ardent and active zeal, to transmit it to posterity, an inseparable adjunct of Yale College.

LEONARD E. WALES,
THOMAS S. GRIMKE,
JACOB SUTHERLAND.

The Essayist.

No. I.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo. HOR.

THERE are few kinds of writing to which more indefinite ideas have been attached than the Essay. The reason seems to be, that this species of composition has been applied to the elucidation of more subjects, than any other. We have had mathematical essays, and essays on the first principles of nature, no less than on the more common subjects of morality and miscellaneous literature. But whatever may be the application of the word, and whatever its etymology may sanction, the Yale College Essayist should not be presented to the public with so ambiguous a signification annexed to it. The genuine Essay, such as would become the pages of the Cabinet, should resemble the miscellaneous productions of Addison, Johnson and Hawkesworth. Some subjects however, which are investigated in their writings, should not be admitted in this periodical paper. Of these it will be sufficient to mention criticism, which, however instructive, should be reserved for a distinct head.

This seems to result naturally, from the object which the contributor to the Essayist should always have in view. His intention should be invariably conformable to the mot-

to which I have selected for the first number. If this be his design, he ought not so far to depart from its spirit, as to court too extensively the aid of imagination or understanding, separately. He should endeavor to associate their influence so closely as to please the fancy, while the more sober and philosophic powers of the mind would not be neglected. His pieces should however, be adapted, rather to the amusements of the family fire side, than to those of the student's closet. He should aim at conveying entertainment, so as at the same time to communicate useful information, tho' insensibly. The critic, on the contrary, intends to instruct. This is his principal object, and whatever gratification may be afforded by the beauty of his diction, the elegance of his expressions, the happiness of his illustrations, and the ingenuity of his remarks, they cannot be considered as included in his original plan. Besides, the beauties of criticism are perceptible only to well cultivated minds, and of these the number is comparitively so small, that there are few, whose attention to the subject renders them capable of relishing the works of the true critic. Since therefore the Essayist proposes rather to furnish useful entertainment, than agreeable instruction, to please the observer of men and manners, rather than the philosopher, he should consider what information is requisite. He ought to remember that the voice of nature is always listened to with pleasure. That, however men may depart from the precepts, which she inculcates, they are never more interested, than in such scenes, as are faithfully copied from her. Hence the necessity of an intimate acquaintance with nature.

This knowledge can be only obtained by a due attention to those sources, whence this information may be derived. The great secret of discovery here, is to adapt our conversation and deportment to the company in which we are: to render ourselves as changeable as Proteus, and to aim at pleasing, though we may not instruct. The generality of men love to be entertained, rather than improved, when associating with each other. The business of life does not usually demand that lively intercourse, that interesting communication of thought, which are so peculiarly characteristic of the social interchange of sentiment and affability. Hence arises the obligation of rendering ourselves acceptable to all. By these means, our knowledge of human nature will be of the most perfect kind, for the character of man is never so completely developed, as when he is affected by pleasure. It is then that the emotions of the heart and the dictates of nature, on which every character is founded, are unveiled to the eye of

the observing. Then is the moment for knowledge. A moment, which if properly improved, will enrich the mind with the most valuable ideas.

[*To be continued.*]

TRIFLES.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

By inserting the following enigmatical list of young ladies in your department of trifles, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. Three sixths of a deadly weapon, and a neuter verb.

2. One half of an epithet of fortune, two fifths of a near relation, a consonant, and two vowels.

3. Three sevenths of an ungenerous man, a vowel, a consonant, and the latin name for the greatest of blessings.

4. Two fifths of a great southern country; two sevenths of a great lake.

5. Two sevenths of a political blessing, and one half of a renowned sage.

6. What constitutes the work of an ingenious insect, and the name of a riot.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a variety of communications, and shall attend to them in due time.

The Bower.

.....Sometimes
We bid bright Fiction to resemble Truth,
And sometimes speak what Truth herself dictates.

HES. THEOG.

FOR THE LITERARY CABINET.

ELEGY,

Written in the New Burying-Yard.

Each friend, by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity.
YOUNG.

THOSE silent, lonely mansions of the dead,
Where melancholy dwells; there let me tread,
Review the field, where youth and beauty lay,
In one sad heap of monumental clay.
Mark that lone spot! there Science dropt a tear,
When Stiles, her child—her friend, was buried there.
Science to him, a monument shall raise,
And after ages join to sound his praise.
Behold yon monument! There friendship weeps,
Louisa's name it bears—Louisa sleeps!
The opening rose had scarce disclos'd its bloom,
E'er death relentless, snatch'd it to the tomb;
Virtue, in silent sadness veil thine head!
Thy child is gone—Louisa now is dead!
Yet still her name, to memory ever dear,
Shall dwell with us—still moisten'd by the tear,
Which friendship sheds—a monument shall prove,
To mark the child of virtue, grace and love.
Wooster, a name to patriotism dear,
Wooster the liberal, good, lies buried here!
His soul has flown, and left a world of sin
To join in happier climes a generous kin;
From distant lands *that* valiant spirit fled
In distant lands he's number'd with the dead!
Columbia's genius wept, then kiss'd the rod,

And bow'd submissive to the will of God.*
Onward I pass and pensive tread the clay,
Where mothers, sisters, wives, and children, lay;
How silent is the scene! No voice now speaks,
Save where the rustling wind, in murmurs breaks,
And sighs a long adieu!—
But lo! The fresh turn'd sod attracts mine eyes,
Remembrance tells, that there a classmate lies—
Inexorable death! could virtue save,
Could friendship break thy dart,—and close the grave,—
Oh! could a mother's tears—her anguish'd heart—
Her grief-worn features--sympathy impart,
FRITH had not died! He still had liv'd to bless
Those arms which oft his childhood did caress;
He now is dead! That heart forgets to beat,
Which late of social virtues was the seat;
Those lips which on the tale of sorrow dwelt,
Those eyes, which oft in tears, were seen to melt,
Are now unnerv'd, in death's eternal sleep!
Children of sorrow—come—attend—and weep—
Afflicted, come—lament—your friend has fled!
The child of virtue now, in FRITH is dead!
Ah cruel death! couldst thou no victim find,
Save where alone thou must afflict mankind?
But cease! By angels borne to yonder skies
And hail'd by angels, see his spirit rise:
It wings its way to meet its bless'd abode
And join with seraphims to praise his God.

YALENSIS.

* *General Wooster, the person here referred to, was slain at Danbury, in the Revolutionary War.*

ANACREONTIC.

WHY lovely phantom dost thou fly?
And whs thus shun thy lover's eye?
Nought is there here that can affright,
Or drive thee from his longing sight.
Though he boasts not golden treasures,
Cursed source of vilest pleasures;
Though no royal crown he wears,
Begem'd with mis'ry's silent tears:
Though neither beauty, wit, nor grace,
Adorns his person, mind, or face;
Yet still he claims a richer treasure,
Love for you, that knows no measure.
Yes, dear girl, 'tis love for you,
Of which he boasts, indeed 'tis true,
Love, that the purest thoughts inspires,
That scorns the heart's corrupt desires.
Oh! stay then, lovely phantom, stay,
Nor vanish now so soon away.
Oh! for a moment pause and hear,
With sorrow-soothing smile, my pray'r.
But no: I will not ask it—fly,
To join thy sisters in the sky.

EDGAR.

ANACREON.....ODE III.

ONE night when round the gloomy sphere,
Boötes drove the sullen bear;
When busy mortals gladly close
Their weary eyes in sweet repose,
I faintly heard a gentle noise,
The semblance of an infant's voice:
And soon a tap upon my gate:
In haste, I cried, who comes so late?
"O let me in, the voice replied,
"Till I my dripping form have dried.
"Fear no deceit, admit a child,
"Who wanders o'er the gloomy wild."
Thus did the boy his tale relate.
In pity to his hapless fate,
I rose, and kindling soon a light,
Receiv'd the little wand'ring sprite.
A pair of silken wings I spi'd,
With bow and quiver at his side;
A lovely form, a beauteous face,
And every soul-enchanting grace.
Beside the fire I bade him stand,
Between my own, I warm'd each hand,
And hasted then the rain to press,
From every uncurl'd auburn tress.
Soon as th' ungrateful boy was warm,
And found he had receiv'd no harm,
With faithless smile, "I wish to know,"
He said, "if I have spoil'd my bow."
Then at me bent his fatal yew,
From which a shaft unerring flew.
Then leap'd for joy, the traitorous god,
And smiling, with a gentle nod,
"Congratulate me now, my friend,"
He said, "this bow I still can bend,
"But you, deluded wretch, will find,
"That you have lost your peace of mind."

L.

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